it; it doesn't matter, Various voices lean toward him and, almost in a whisper: "Give back the purse and get out of here quick." The thief looks stunned. He stays where he is. He gave back the purse, I suppose, but I didn't see it. People say to him several times: "Get along; *they* will be coming." The circle that had formed around him opens to let him get away. He goes, very slowly at first; then, at a little distance, he starts running.

We were amazed by the charity of these people. It is true that the poor fellow didn't look very frightening; probably half dead with hunger; later on I reproached myself for not giving him something.

28 November

I have come to hate this apartment, this furniture, this house. No concentration is possible here; I am defenseless against anything, against anyone; the least noise from the street or from within the house reaches me.

It is years now since my head has been warm. I think of that happy fever which, all the time that I was writing *Paludes,* kept my book awake in me.

The reading of Rimbaud and of the Sixth *Chant de Maldoror* has made me ashamed of my works and disgusted with everything that is merely the result of culture. It seems to me that I was born for something different.

But perhaps there is still time . . . perhaps in Auteuil . . . Oh! how I long . . .

1 December

Yesterday I read *L'Eglise habillee de feuilles™* at the Arthur Fontaines* to Raymond Bonheur, Paul Claudel, and the Mithouards. Bonheur had come to pick me up at about three. I had just come in from Gougy's shop loaded down with the fat Plutarch of Amyot, which I dive into at once.

Raymond Bonheur had been at the Freres-Saint-Jean-

de-Dieu, where Carri&re had just been operated on. He already talks of Carriere in the past tense. He says: "I don't know whether or not you will understand me, Gide, but I used to feel a physical pleasure in Carriere's company; for me he was like a big brother who took a protective interest in me. But I felt with him that warmth, yes, that sensual pleasure without which a friendship means nothing to me. I have never made a great distinction between friendship and love/' And when I say something, he

[38] *The Leaf-dad Church,* a collection of poems by Francis Jammes published in 1906.